The Hi Herald

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THE HI HERALD
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MEMBER OF A. C. S. P. A.

Rain Decreases Harvest

by Victor Clark

During the week of potato harvest vacation, the sun shone on our grateful earth with an abundance of heat and light. The only trouble with these beautiful days was that a number of large, black banks of rain clouds shut out that awaited sun. Altho the sun sent out millions of light rays to penetrate the large, black mass, not a single ray came dancing thru.

Many of the people of Andover and vicinity changed many of their plans for the fall potato harvest. As the result of the frequent visits of the rain some of the school children didn't help harvest the potatoes, some of the farmers enjoyed their easy chairs as they listened to the World Series over the radio; the Sinclair Refinery shut down for a week and to top it off all the teachers of Steuben and Allegany counties were having a delightful time in Wellsville at the teachers' conference.

I guess the only people that kept working were the principal and the janitors of good old Andover Central School.

ACS

"He's a Dear"!

And really, he is. Just ask any of the members of the Chas. Clark potato field. Oh, we don't mean Charlie, we mean the deer. Bambie II lives across the road from the Clark farm up Independence way in a pig-deserted, pig-pen at Gilliland's. He's been living there all the deer-days he's been in existence. That is, since last March. His master lets him out all day long in the yard where he runs, plays and eats. Bambie's specialty is soda crackers and does he love them? He daintily steps up the back porch steps, wiggles the door-knob with his nose and peers in the screen, all ears and eyes (and, um, what lashes) to see if Mrs. Gilliland will please come with a soda cracker. After his cracker he comes down again to play with us. He is just beginning to sport some antlers, or at least those knobs will be antlers some day, and gives you the friendliest little bumps where, well, you know where you are most likely to get bruises and where we now have some just the size of Bambi's knobs. He's really a dear, tho.

Oh yes, there's another popular character up there, too. He's powerfully built, very large and tall, not too fat, lots of muscle, dark complexion and hair, big brown eyes, and full of fun, and, guess what? He can put a whole king-sized potato in his mouth and eat it. Yes, girls, he's the one and only, Ferdinand the Bull as one of the newer pickers found out when we said we'd fix her a date with Ferdinand. We led her to the barn where she took one look and ran. She wasn't really fooled that much, tho. But you gotta admit that we foxed her!

By the way, we really do pick up some potatoes when we make a sincere effort. P.E.T.

ACS

Buy Bonds—and more Bonds.

A.C.S. Obtains Music Instructor

by Doris Van Curen

There is quite a hub-bub about A. C. S. this week for the recently obtained music instructor has arrived. Until now there have been no music classes but once again music will join our march of subjects.

Our music instructor is Miss Kathryn Munley whose hometown is Archbald, Pa. She majored in piano and is a graduate of Marywood, in Scranton, Pa.

Miss Munley likes Andover very much, but at the end of her first day she had not seen enough of her students to form an opinion of them, but we hope she can form a good one.

We hope you have a very pleasant and successful year in A. C. S. Miss Munley. DVC

ACS

Who's What

The dances at Greenwood seem to have some kind of attraction for Andover, what is it?

The party at Dean's seems to have many favorable reports. Let's do it again, kids.

What seniors are running the race of seeing who can stay out of school the longest?

Les Behn seems to be rushed somewhat lately. What do you think of that?

"Duff and Barb" seem to be doing "very" well. More power to you kids!

This Senior Square Dance we are hearing about seems O. K.—Remember, everybody, Nov. 2nd!

Arretta seemed very happy a couple of weeks ago. We don't blame you, "Ret".

Jack Horan has a new "flame". Who is it, Jack?

"Dingo" Baker and Jim seem to be making "trips" most every day. We don't blame you guys; we only wish we were going too.

"Frannie" Horan seems to have many "marks" to his credit. He always was ahead of us.

We see that Neil and Ruth Lynch are back together again. Keep the good work up, kids.

"Ronnie" Sutor seems to be a big attraction for all the girls. We know he has it (?), but please leave him alone. His time is taken up (what time?).

We notice the seniors have been rather left out of the Hi Herald this year. It's not that they don't do anything—it's that the lower classmen don't look up to them.

See you next week!

ACS

"The Tigers"

by Thomas Lynch

The Tigers are a first class team
Always bright and on the beam.
They have won three games out of five,
Which shows they are very much alive.
They sure would give the Cubs the bud,
If they had another Hank Greenberg.
Their play on the field is without a flaw,
Because of little Jimmy Outlaw.
I'll bet the Cubs when they're in bed,
Can still see little Skeeter Webb,
Eddie Mayo plays second base,
The Cubs will never forget that face.
With Dizzy Trout out on the mound,
The Cubs will be Chicago bound,
The World Series, the Tigers will win it,
And have the World Champions' pennant.

ACS

The rapidly expanding frozen food industry expects to provide more than 500,000 new jobs within the next year.

Tests and Report Cards

The five week tests are being held this week, October 8 and 9. The marks below 55 will be sent to the office. In high school, 9th grade thru 12th grade, the passing mark is 65 and in the grades 1-8 it is 75.

Report cards will be issued on Wednesday, October 17, at noon and should be returned before Friday noon, October 19, if possible.

The following teachers have been designated to place marks on the high school report cards: Mrs. Ingerson, Miss Munly, Mr. Reil, Miss Sherwood, Miss Spino and Mr. Ingerson. RM

ACS

Alumni Corner

According to the R. B. I. Informer, Marjory Vars seems to be leaning toward our Latin-American friends. Ask Freddie if he likes our Good Neighbor Policy.

Gloria Ellis, at the present, is taking up her time working at the Worthington.

We're glad to have Wilma Goodridge back. She is taking a Post Graduate course in A. C. S.

Walt Shimwell is now delivering milk for Howard Burdick and having a good time in between.

Robert Baker, James Holt and Ferdinand Smith are proudly serving Uncle Sam in the U. S. Navy.

Clara Hann is attending college at Fredonia for music.

Jean Halsey is working at the Steuben Silk Mill in Andover.

Ruth Lynch is the new voice you've been hearing lately when you ring for the operator at the telephone office.

Frances Slocum is attending R. B. I. Oh, yes, so is Susan McAndrew. I guess that's why Louie is so mapy lately.

Craig Snyder is serving Uncle Sam in the Army.

Mary K. Cannon is attending Alfred University.

"Frannie" Horan is now working at the Air Preheater in Wellsville, N. Y.

Paul Kilbane is working at the Sinclair Refinery at Wellsville.

Two more serving the U. S. Navy; George Karcanes and Richard Potter.

Two more serving the U. S. Army are John Richardson and Kenneth Williams.

Bernard Burger is playfully waiting to be called to the Army.

Dewey Northrup is working for "Duke" Gray.

Warren Dolan is proudly serving in the Merchant Marine.

Carl Shutt is working on the farm with fun in between times, waiting for Uncle Sam's call.

Virginia Joyce is also going to R. B. I. in Rochester. MJ & MH

ACS

Freshman Frolics

We wonder why Eve went to Gray's to pick potatoes? ?

We notice that there are green cars in the lives of Freshman girls. We wonder.

We wonder who attended Hattie's and Ann's corn roast September 30??

Who's class ring is Ruth S. wearing?

Did Wayne and John enjoy their trip to Independence?

We wonder who picked the most potatoes?

Was the ball game interesting, "Bee"?

ACS

Strong yellow soap rubbed on arms and legs before you go hiking over unfamiliar ground prevents any trouble from poison ivy or poison oak.

Views From the Potato Field

Among my travels of the past week I saw and heard many interesting things. A few of these I shall pass on to you.

Very noticeable was the "Fill 'em up" from Vic while loading. "I'm going to eat," from John Baker. "Ouch! My knees!" stated Essie T., who is trying to walk on her knees which are already black and blue.

From the other end of the field comes a shout from Mike Connor "How many 'ya got, Rosie"?

"Hey Charles Clark, how about that bonus for Rosie and Esse for sweeping off the truck and stacking crates?"

Who's head did you say that potato reminded you of Helen?

Johnny Connor, are you going over to see "Bambie" again? We all wish we had as much ambition to wander over to Freddie's as Mary and Johnny Connor.

We are all so fond of Gilliland's deer that we would like to lead it right down the center of Main street.

"Where's the water?" Don't you ever get filled up, Dick?

"Hey Ron, it's my turn to ride the digger."

Swell driving, Mick Baker, only next time try not to kill us all.

The scalloped corn was delicious, but some of us were already so corny we shouldn't have eaten it!

Chasing cows certainly is fun. Ask certain potato pickers.

Get that curtain fixed yet Helen Yannie?

Dick Hancock, why do you run every time you hear the bell? It isn't always the pay checks.

How did those dates with Ferdinand, the Bull, come out, girls? Vic sure fixed them up, didn't he?

Are you going to help me today, Sally Clark? Now, who gave her a penny?

Give me a ride, Freddie!

Here I come, Charlie! Better duck.

Who was almost Ferdinand's supper Saturday night? Couldn't have been Rose Baker?

At last the pickers' prayers have been answered. Look at it rain!

It sure gives us the creeps to feel all those eyes on us. (The ones in the potatoes.)

It seems that a majority of the potato pickers are still trying to get the kinks out of their backs and legs. No wonder they don't hurry down the street nowadays.

Was it really worth the lame back and unending exercises, Jo Ann Theetge?

Did you really get that cold in a potato field, Pat Dolan?

Phyllis Nye seems to have a slight kink in her back. Not you too!

We notice Joann Baker has no kinks. How come?

Is it cold up on Greenwood Hill, Helen Yannie? You should know.

Did Lila Childs catch her cold in the same field with Pat Dolan? RMB

ACS

The Corn Husker

by Janice Walton

The moonlight lay in strips along the corn. Nothing stirred in the black cavern of the night save the soft rustle of the wind thru the golden tassels. Then the bushes parted, and a dark form emerged to be silhouetted against the sky, and then vanish into the corn.

Soon there came a ripping noise as tho carpenters were at work on an old, old building. The ears, ready for the harvesting, fell helplessly before merciless fingers. A dog barked in the distance, and then as tho coming nearer. As suddenly as it had come, the midnight marauder was gone. Again the field was still, untouched except for the heaps of corn.

The family in the house awoke that morning without the knowledge of their visitor. At breakfast the father, taking a long needed vacation, mentioned that the corn needed husking and then promptly forgot it. Not until late in the afternoon did he remember with a start and pull himself from his easy chair to go into the garden. Carrying the skyscraper of baskets into the field took all of his attention, so he did not see the husked corn until he was right on top of it.

Suddenly he stumbled, and the baskets flew in all directions. He found himself sitting in the midst of pile upon pile of yellow corn with a basket perched on his head. The father was a city man, and this puzzled him. He was sure that he had not husked the corn the day before, but yet why the stripped ears?

An old neighbor of his found him thus and to him the father confided his fears. The old man looked at him for a minute and then patted him on the shoulder and said placatingly that all of us forget at times. This somewhat relieved the father, and he went into the house feeling very self satisfied that he had husked so much corn.

But the old timer (for so the neighbor was) thought differently as he sat skinning a raccoon in front of the fire that night.

"There's coons and coons," he mumbled. "Two-legged ones and four-legged ones, but if I don't miss my guess, that was a four-legged furry one. I saw its print in the mud next to the corn."

ACS

Teacher's Interview

The third new member of the A. C. S. faculty to be interviewed is Miss Constance Hall, the eighth grade home-room teacher. Miss Hall also teaches freshman English and Junior High social studies which is her favorite subject. Miss Hall, whose home town is Perry, New York, has attended Geneseo State Teachers College and Teacher's College at Columbia.

Before coming to Andover, Miss Hall taught in Larson Jr. College in New Haven, Connecticut.

Miss Hall states that her hobby is reading, of her favorite author, definitely being John Stienbeck. Another hobby of hers is dramatics from all stages.

Miss Hall lists her most thrilling experience when she met John R. Punis, the author of boy's sports books of which, she says, there are several in the library.

"Gorgeous school" was her answer when asked what she thought of A. C. S. She continued that she also enjoys teaching here and we all hope she will continue. DAD

ACS

The Roller Coaster

by Betty Jean Spicer

"I am Demon the Roller Coaster." Every day thousands of thrill-loving people clamor to ride in my cars. Alas! One day a dreadful accident took place and no longer do I playfully skip over the hill and roll crazily down the other side.

Let's start at the beginning. It was a hot summer day and the crowds milled lazily about the amusement park. I had been very busy this particular day and late in the afternoon a young sailor and his girl friend seated themselves in my front car. The girl had on a little red hat and as I started off she held on to it for a short time. As we approached the top she let go of her hat to hang onto the bar and away went her pretty red hat. After the ride was over everyone was gazing upward and laughing. Well, of all things! There was that little red bonnet right up on the top of my frame. The girl cried and took on so over her hat that the sailor agreed to try and retrieve it.

He boasted of his narrow escapes in the Pacific and said that this ride was mild compared with

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